

# The Honey (Interlude)

## Pimp C

Ladies and gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen  
You are now tuned in to the best  
This here Jazze Fizzle, produc shizzle  
Pimp C, Jody BreezeIf y'all niggaz want the honey, yeah  
But I just want the money, young chump change  
Just fifties and them hundreds, girl, I know you want me I'ma  
Scoop ya in my Impala, new Gucci and that Prada  
Gotcha koochie by the collarWell, I'ma strip off ya clothes and lay ya down on the flo'  
He fucked the shit out that bitch, I fucked the fear out that hoe  
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He fucked the shit out that bitch, I fucked the fear out that hoeYeah, hey, uh oh there he go, look who slid  
through the door  
It's ya dog Jody Breeze, I'm the shit on the low  
Y'all niggaz make me sick, spendin' chips on a hoe  
On the grind, tryna get it, I shit on a hoeOff top, let 'em know, I'ma mack, I'ma pro  
Matter fact, lemme hit it from the back later on  
Baby, gon' bend it over, tune it up let me see  
I ain't from Houston hoe, but I'm still a pimp, see?All I drink is Hennessey, all I smoke is stickery  
Hoes wanna get with me, but they ain't get shit for free  
I'ma playa, you can tell, ATL where I live  
I ain't with the kissin', hoes, Jazze Fizzle let 'em knowIf y'all niggaz want the honey, yeah  
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He fucked the shit out that bitch, I fucked the fear out that hoeY'all niggaz wanna lay, I wanna play in a bitch  
mind  
If she playin' her Daddy, I will knock out her spine  
I'm out here on the grind, 24/7 I'm gettin' it  
I'ma let them tricks eat it up, I ain't trippin' bitchBitch, bend over, let 'em see it girl  
Hoes in the club, like '96 showin' niggaz love  
I used to be off in the Chi-C in Atlanta  
Young girls poppin' cock out in AlabamaI seen it all from the pimps and the tricks  
The real live boys opening the pussy stores  
I got respect for the flat backers  
Black, yellow or crackers, keep ya Daddy ridin'  
'Cause I'ma CadillacerIf y'all niggaz want the honey, yeah

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game  
Put the 'P' in the pimp, brought back the blue to the flame  
Break a bitch like a trig, write out some magical shit  
And while I feel more slim, that ain't my starter bitch Drop the top on the Rolls and roll under the sun  
Throw my finger in the air like, kid', hoe I'm the one  
Got my gators and suits, multiple colors like fruit  
Pimp aroma on my breath, Tropicana and goose To the roots of pianos, see my moves she can't handle  
H.B.O., nigga hoe break up overtime Soprano  
Diamonds up against panels of wood, it's all good  
Lean back, candy 'llac gettin' head on my hood If y'all niggaz want the honey, yeah  
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You have now been entertained  
And you are now a part of the Pimpalation  
You undersmell? Uh  
There's a whole lot of devices that make this thing roll Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?  
Yeah, Jazze Fizzle, Sho' Nuff Records  
Pimp C, U.G.K. Records, Wood Wheel Records  
You know what I'm talkin' 'bout!? Rap-A-Lot mafia's behind this one, yeah  
Wassup J? Large mackin' and sasquatch pimpin'  
Y'all know what it is  
Wassup Bun B? Wassup International Red? Oh boy

Songwriters

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